AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH

Of that Famous and Faithful

MINISTER AND MARTYR

Mr. JAMES RENWICK.

Compoſed immediately after his Execution at *EDINBURGH*, *February*, 17th, 1688.

By Mr. *ALEXANDER SHIELDS*, then Preacher of the *Goſpel* in the Fields

Rev. ii. 13. *I know thy works, and where thou dwelleſt, even where Satan's ſeat is: And thou holdeſt faſt my Name, and haſt not denied my Faith, even in thoſe Days wherein Antipas was my faithful Martyr, who was ſlain among you, where Satan dwelleth.*

GLASGOW:

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HEre's work, alas! for mourners to deplore
This fatal ſtroke, ſadly preſaging more!
In ſuch a day, let's hang our Harps on willows;
'Tis not a time of laying heads on pillows:
In ſuch a day of wrath, and conſternation,
In ſuch a day of dread, and deſolation;
A day of trial, and of treading down,
A day wherein our head hath loſt its crown,
A day of blaſphemy, rebuke, and trouble,
A day of darkneſs, and of ſorrows double;
A day of great vexations, and confuſions,
A day of great temptations, and deluſions,
A day of jumbling, manifold diſtractions,
A day of ſtumbling, manifeſt defections,
A day of famine of the word of life,
A day of ſinning, ſuffering and ſtrife:
When *Babel*'s brats the world ſo much encumber,
When *Zion*'s Sons daily decreaſe in number,
When now the godly ceaſe, the faithful fail,
When few are left, their funerals to bewail,
When nought but thorns, where corn grew, we can find,
When gold is gone, and droſs but left behind,
When our *Elijahs*, *Iſrael*'s Chariot's gone,
When yet, alas! their mantle's left with none,
When many hypocrites Chriſt's fan diſcovers,
When few are left, that are his loyal Lovers,
When for his laws, theſe few are ſore oppreſs'd,
When for his cauſe, they're pillag'd and diſtreſs'd,
When thoſe are hunted, and always afflicted,
When of all help, and harbour interdicted.
When chas'd through country, and purſu'd in city,
When baniſh'd, butcher'd, yet, inſtead of pity,
(When counted ſlaughter-ſheep, and daily killed,
By ſuch as ſit at eaſe) they much are filled
With inſolent contempt, and ſad reproaches,
Which of all falſhood ſtill the Father broaches;
When Popiſh tyrants, vile Beelzebub's drudges,
On thrones of tyranny, are own'd for judges,
When now, like ſtupid Aſſes, men are mute,
When ſuch uſurpers challenge abſolute
And arbitrary power, to ſacrifice
Religion, laws, and lives, and liberties;
When faithful Goſpel-preachers are ſo few,
In ſnaring times, to give a warning due;
When now ſoul-murd'ring wolves, Chriſt's flock de-
When watchmen wanting are on *Zion*'s Tower, (vour,

When few that's called ſo deſerve the name,
But many are the ages bane and Shame;
When now inſtead of valour for the truth,
And crying loud with trumpets at their mouth,
Upon ſuch loudly clamant, clear occaſions;
(When *Babel*'s baſtards boldly make invaſions,
By blinding bribes, corrupting flatteries,
By cunning craft, and cheating ſhams, and lies
Upon our *covenanted Reformation*,
And all our liberties of church and nation,
Betrayed, by *this Popiſh toleration*.
Whereby this abſolute pow'r is reconoſc'd,
And its proud encroachings are ingroſs'd,
Over laws divine, humain, all made void,
Religion's legal bulwarks all deſtroy'd,
All blaſphemy, idolatry, and ſin,
Now ſuffer'd, yea invited to come in;
The church of all her privileges robb'd,
And with a kiſs, under the fifth rib ſtobb'd.
In Lieu of all her laws, ſecurities,
All oaths, and vow, and ſolemn promiſes,
Having no more aſſurance, than a blind
Promiſe, of one, whom no ſuch bond can bind:
Her doctrine, worſhip, and church government,
According to *our ſolemn Covenant*,
All hereby undermin'd and overturn'd,
For which her ſons ſhould all have rather mourn'd)
Our miniſters for ſin have made *Addreſſes*,
Charmed with *Babel*'s flatterling careſſes,
Bewitch'd with this intoxicating drink,
Which hell did brew, and *Rome* with art did blink,
Caſt in a deep zeal-quenching Lethargie,
Purchaſing hereby eaſe, and liberty,
On terms of telling truth, and ſhifting duty;
Whereby Chriſt's Bride's depriv'd of all her beauty.
In ſuch a day to loſe a faithful witneſs,
And champion, accompliſhed with fitneſs,
To ſtrive for Chriſt's prerogatives and laws,
Muſt be bemoan'd by all that love his cauſe.
Come therefore, all ye doves, that dwell i'th' rock,
Come and deplore this wrath-preſaging ſtroke:
Come, chaſed Birds hotly purſu'd to mountains;
Come hunted Harts, which pant and bray for fountains,
Come, wandring Sheep, without a ſhepherd ſtraying,
Come hidden ones, afraid of falſe bewraying,

Come, all ye faithful followers of the Lamb,
Whose hearts in zeal do for his glory flame,
Whose hearts in fervent love to Christ are burning,
Whose hearts do melt out at their eyes in mourning;
Come, with a flood of Tears the valleys fill,
And make your voice refound from hill to hill;
Cause all the mountains circling round from Carrick,
With roaring noise, rebound as far as Berwick;
From Carn-table skirts, and Ahingilloch,
To Morocks tow'ring heights, and heads of Killoch;
From Tintoch-tops, and all the hills of Clidsdale,
To all the hills of Galloway and Nithsdale,
From these about Black-gannoch, and the Lothers,
To Crawfoord-muir, and Tweeddale hills and others;
Wherein ye hunted were, through all the glens,
Wherein ye hiding places sought in dens,
Wherein ye often forced were to flights,
Wherein ye often filled were with frights.
Wherein your hands were strengthned, heads suppor-(ted;
Your minds confirmed, and your hearts comforted,
While your renowned RENWICK, now a Martyr,
Was passing through, preaching in every quarter,
His Master's glorious and gracious banner
Displaying faithfully, in lovely manner;
Like to a voice in wildernesses crying,
Making a noise most sweet, as Swans when dying,
Declaring all God's counsels, and revealed
Truths, which alive h'asserted, dying sealed:
But now in those waste desolate recesses,
No voice is heard, but mourning for distresses,
No voice is heard, but that of grievous groaning,
The Glory gone, deplorably bemoaning.
Come therefore and put on your Sable, saints,
Fill all the hills and vales with sad complaints,
Wherof the Eccho may be heard in heaven,
In lamentations for the blow that's given,
Unto the wounded weeping remnant left,
Which of their Renwick is of late bereft,
By murd'ring violence of beasts of prey,
Rome's bloody whelps, torn from his house of clay,
How may his little flock, alas, complain!
How may they now, so great a loss sustain!
Scotland hath lost, the world hath lost a man,
Whose Room supply, there's few surviving can:
The church hath lost a Son more pure and dearer,
Than Ophir's gold, the truth a Standard-bearer;

Zion hath loſt, by this complex diſaſter,
A witneſs, wreſtler, mourner, and a paſtor,
The ſcattered ſheep, a moſt laborious leader,
Poor hungry ſouls have loſt a painful feeder;
The ſufferers have loſt a ſympathiſer;
The doubtful halting ſouls, a good adviſer:
The weak, a wiſe encouraging ſupporter:
The wanderers and mourners, a comforter:
The tempted ſouls, a counſellor in terrors;
The ignorant, a guide to keep from errors:
The zealous, from extreams, a holding bridle:
The lazy ſort a ſpur from being idle.
The temporizing ſort of faint complyers,
Duty's deſerters, and Chriſt's truth's denyers,
May boldly now proceed in their backſlidings,
Since that they are deliv'red from his chidings,
Who never ceas'd to be a free reprover,
Nor ſins and ſnares in ſeaſon to diſcover.
How inſupportable is ſuch a croſs!
How irreparable is ſuch a loſs!
Oh, let us now make ſearch, that we may know
What may the meaning be of ſuch a blow!
What ſins have this procur'd let's meditate,
What further ſorrows may't prognoſticate?
Our miſimprovements, let us now confeſs,
Of ſuch enjoyments, our unworthineſs
Of Renwick's gracious meſſage, little priz'd,
And of his precious miniſtry deſpis'd,
Our barrenneſs, and baſe ingratitude,
Our wearineſs of that angelic food,
Whereof the worth we know now by the want,
And muſt henceforth in tears the loſs lament.
Theſe have this rod in righteouſneſs extorted,
From a juſt God, and left us uncomforted;
A rod which we may ſadly now ſuppoſe,
A fatal forerunner of future woes,
Impendent on this baſe degen'rate age;
The periſhing of worthies moſt preſage,
That they delivered are from that which we
Are call'd to fear, but cannot bear, nor flee;
But tho' our loſs be great, his gain is glory,
His life, his death, ſhall be renown'd in ſtory;
Which death, to us moſt coſtly and moſt painful,
Shall to the covenanted cauſe be gainful;
In that, in place of a reproached paſtor,
A Martyr now renown'd by this diſaſter,

Is left us, to their everlasting shame,
Who ceased not with lies to load his name;
And with reproaches foully to bespatter,
Which malice did contrive, and madness scatter;
Which fraud invented, as its father fain'd
Fury did vent, and folly entertain'd.
Now shall his name in monuments of praise,
(Which to his fame posterity shall raise)
Still stand recorded, that he was a martyr,
Fruitful in life, faithful in his departure:
Contemn'd indeed by apostates, and Scorners;
But eminent among all Zion's mourners:
For love undoubted, and undaunted faith,
For constancy unto his final breath,
For patience abiding in all trial,
For piety, and humble self-denial,
For meekness true, in condescending tender,
For strictness due (he'd not a hoof surrender)
For uniform true zeal and moderation,
Of more than ordinary elevation:
Which with an equal pace did still advance,
'Gainst all defection and extravagance:
All buffard zeal opposing with all boldness,
As well as dead base Laodicean coldness:
For ministerial diligence much fam'd,
A workman needing not to be asham'd;
In preaching all the counsel God reveal'd,
His ministry on many souls was seal'd;
Which in his Master's strength he did commence,
And unto its fulfilment did advance,
Against the violentest opposition,
That ever any youth in his condition
Had to conflict with, and at such a season,
When dangers seem'd invincible to reason:
For, like another Athanasius bold,
He all the world opposed and control'd,
And had all sorts of men upon his top,
All Prelatists, all vassals of the Pope;
Who did pursue him with all rage and rigour,
With might and malice violence, as of vigour:
Those brethren also, whom, tho' still he lov'd,
He could not join with, but their sins reprov'd,
Who unto men their ministry subjected,
Or had submit to mischiefs they enacted,
Or by disorders had their charge perverted,
Or had their duty in its day deserted,

Or were in foul compliances involv'd,
Or thoſe to doub and plaiſter were reſolv'd
Or ſhamefully were ſilent at the times
Iniquities, when duties went for crimes:
With thoſe to ſtrive, zeal for his Maſter's glory,
And indignation at their ſilly, ſorry,
Fooliſh, and feeble, fainting cowardice,
(That few their all for truth durſt ſacrifice)
His generous ſoul did vigorouſly excite,
For which, by ſome, he was oppos'd with ſpight.
With malice, envy, and with cruel rage,
That nothing could unto his death aſſwage,
Yet, maugre all aſſaults, his bow abode
In ſtrength, his hands confirm'd by Jacob's God:
By frowns, from duty ne'er could he be daunted,
By flatteries, he ne'er could be inchanted:
No fear of danger could him ever ſcar,
From diligence: nor diſadvantage mar:
Nor any want of good accomodations
Could ſtop his paſtoral exercitations;
In painful preaching, viſiting, baptizing;
In conferences, and in catechiſing;
Even when in wandering he had no repoſe,
But haggs, or hiding holes, in fear of foes:
Nothing to lay his weary head upon;
No couch but graſs; no pillow but a ſtone;
No better chamber oftimes he could have,
Than a dark den; no cloſet but a cave:
Yet under all this inconvenience,
He could poſſeſs his ſoul in patience;
His Maſter's favour above all things loving,
Himſelf as his true miniſter approving,
By purity, by charity unfeigned,
By verity in ſanctity maintained,
By wiſdom, patience, by the ſpirit's light,
By righteouſneſs, on the left hand and right,
Caring for neither calumnies nor honour,
So that he might his conſcience exoner:
As a deceiver, yet approven true;
As tho' well known, yet known but to a few:
As dying daily, and yet living ſtill,
As chaſtned, yet above their reach to kill;
As ſorrowful, yet joying evermore,
As poor, yet making many rich in ſtore;
In many wants, in manifold diſtreſſes,
In pinching, priſon, and in wilderneſſes,

In painful labours, and in weary watching,
In cold, and hunger, ſtill in fear of catching;
In many perils, both by ſea and land,
From enemies, and from falſe brethren's hand;
Holland in part, Britain and Ireland know,
What perils he was forc'd to undergo:
In none of which he any reſt could find,
But every where, both foes and friends combin'd,
By tongue and hand, him ſtill to perſecute,
In a moſt keen and violent purſuit;
Hence ſuch a price was ſet upon his head,
As did entice to catch him, quick or dead.
Hell's hotteſt harpies, villains, vileſt vermine,
Who by all means, to take him did determine:
Therefore, in fury they the chaſe did follow,
By hue and cry, and many hideous hollows;
Through cities, country, villages of Boors
Through wetteſt moſſes, and through wildeſt muirs;
Through higheſt mountains, and remoteſt glens,
Compelling him to caves and hidden dens:
Where weary, cold, and hungry, he could find
No comfort, but what from the heavens ſhin'd:
Yet after all their proud deſigns were done,
His works to them prov'd Siſyphus his ſtone;
Still with renewed force, afreſh returning,
The buſh did burn, but did not waſte in burning;
His diſpicable followers, tho' few,
The more they were afflicted, more they grew;
All proclamations, cruel prohibitions,
All circuit-courts of Spaniſh inquiſitions,
(Impoſing conſcience-cozening oaths and bonds,
Recuſants, baniſhing to foreign lands,
Or murdering by bloody butchers hands.
Could never either their own cumbers finiſh,
Nor ſo much as their numbers yet deminiſh:
Nor cruſh, nor cool his unappalled zeal,
Nor of his miniſtry cancel the ſeal,
Engraven on the hearts of many hearers,
Who were Jehovah's followers and fearers;
Which now's impreſſed with a deeper ſtamp,
Since the expiring of this burning lamp;
Whoſe lateſt Sparklings hath ſo brightly blaz'd,
That many eyes were dazled and amaz'd,
To ſee now viſibly without a cloud,
And legibly in characters of blood.)

The adversaries Tyranny disclos'd,
Their calumnies confute, that him oppos'd;
That those despised truths have overcome,
For which contending, he got martyrdom,
His testimony for his Master's cause,
The churches liberties, and nations laws;
(For which, in life, he mightily contended)
Now by his death to many much commended;
Who searching what could be the cause or crime,
Wherefore he lost his life at such a time;
Did find that only he was too distinct
In speaking that, which many others think.
This was the only crime was on him charg'd,
Tho' to the height of hainousness enlarg'd;
Because these soul-enriching Rendezvouse,
Of Christ's Militia, in the fields, or house.
The devil's grand eye-sore, and great vexation,
Of all his friends, and foes of reformation;
(Where hungry souls with heavenly food were nourish'd
And where a banner faithfully was flourish'd,
For the Regalia of the churches head,
And liberties, wherewith he hath her freed.)
He never suffer would to be suppress'd,
Nor that the duty should not be confess'd;
Now when it was declared capital,
And when by law discharg'd as criminal;
And by its old promoters now deserted,
Whom Popish tolerations now perverted.
In such a case he vigorously contended,
That meetings could be valiantly defended,
By arms defensive, which the law of nature,
And law of God, allows to every creature;
When now they were in daily jeapordice,
Of having blood mixt with their sacrifice.
This also was his crime, or rather crown,
That he would not a Popish monster own;
Sitting upon a throne of tyranny,
Usurp'd by rapine blood and treachery;
Nor pay allegiance to his absolute power,
As pimp employ'd for the Romish Whore;
Nor say, a robber's sacrilegious rod,
Was now the sacred ordinance of God;
When such in sacred writ is called rather
A fox or dog, than a politic father.
In fine, for this he also was indicted,
Because to bear the dross he us invited;

Rather than pay an execrable ceſs,
Impos'd our goſpel-meetings to ſuppreſs,
For raiſing forces, tyranny to ſtrengthen,
Our much enthral'd miſery to lengthen,
For ruin the weak remnant left devoting,
The church and ſtate, ſupremacy promoting,
For teſts of lawleſs loyalty enacted,
And for betraying liberty exacted.
The full amount then of his accuſation,
Of all his troubles, the alone occaſion,
Was that at wickedneſs he'd never wink;
But ſtill ſpeak out, what others durſt but think;
From which unto the death he would not ſwerve,
But boldly ſpake, his mind without reſerve,
To Prelatiſts and Papiſts in their fury,
And to profeſſors ſitting on his jury;
Invincibly he all their tricks withſtood,
Inflexibly reſiſting unto blood:
And for his life to ſupplicate diſdain'd,
Leſt he ſhould have his teſtimony ſtain'd;
By which through blood of Lamb he overcame,
And lov'd not life too dearly for the ſame;
Which fruitfully h' affirmed during breath,
And faithfully confirmed by his death;
In ſuch a meaſure of humility,
Of patience meekneſs, zeal and conſtancy;
That it to enemies hath been confounding,
To Neutraliſts conviction much redounding,
To Heſitants and halters confirmation,
And to all Zion's mourners conſolation;
Hence in a bloody chariot he hath gone,
To ſee and ſtand before Emmanuel's throne;
His hands with palms, his head with pleaſant bays,
His clothes in white, do ſprinkle glitter'ring rays
Of glo y, glory ſinging, and ſalvation
To him that brought him out of tribulation,
Unto the Throne and temple of his God,
Where everlaſtingly he hath abode;
Where without intermiſſion night or day,
Where without interruption or delay,
Without all cares, without all faints or fears,
Without all ſnares, without all plaints or tears,
He ſerves, he ſings, he ſees the Lamb that's feeding,
And unto lovely living waters leading;
Where leave we him full of Jehovah's joy,
Whom no more ſin, nor ſorrow, can annoy;

And reſt lamenting, while i'th' vale of tears,
Our growing grief, and freſh recurring fears.

An *Anagram* on MASTER JAMES RENWICK.

I am Chriſt's meek Servant.

An Acroſtic on the ſame.

Meekneſs and Magnanimity moſt rare,
Advanc'd thy Actions with advantage fair,
Submiſſive Self denial, ſuffering ſlights,
Twiſted with True zeal, for Emmanuel's rights,
Extoll'd thee Early in eſteem and fame,
Renowned Renwick, evermore the ſame.
Jehovah Jireh was thy conſtant joy,
Along thy Always arduous employ:
Magnified Martyr! men thee much admire;
Enemies Envy, and enraged ire,
Shaming them Selves, thy ſufferings to beſpatter.
Reproaches Reſtleſs with renown did ſcatter,
Eminent Enterpriſes in all dangers,
Noble thy Name have notify'd to ſtrangers,
Vexations Various ſuffered valiantly.
Imbalm'd thy Innocence to memory.
Comfort from Chriſt did ſtop all thy complaints,
Kill'd thour't for Keeping his commandments.

FINIS.

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